

# Youth

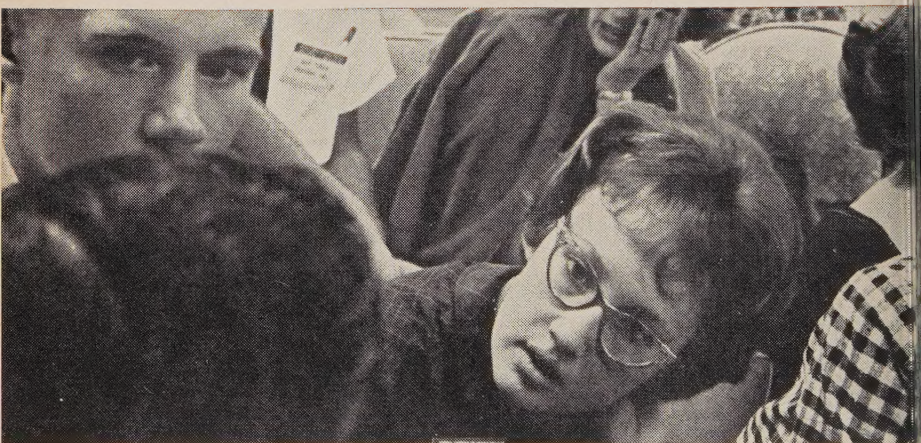
DECEMBER 1962



Religious Education  
E. J. McElroy  
Pacific Methodist Religion



*In the time of crisis, you face the fact*



Personal problems are a part of everyday living. Some are big. Some are small. You don't ignore problems nor invite them. You live with them. Human beings can adjust to almost anything, but they never know it until they are tested. When a crisis strikes, tackle it. Don't say it will pass away. Find an intelligent friend you can trust. Look for honest answers, for you might discover there's no cause for panic. Don't hide your feelings of fear. If possible, continue daily routines. You need something you truly believe in on which to lean. And that's when a mature Christian can turn to a loving Father God. When all else fails, the love of God fills our emptiness. From our own mistakes we learn what *not* to do the next time. From the mistakes of others, we learn what makes them tick. From a crisis which is beyond our control we learn how much we can take and where we can turn for help. When the Chinese print the word *crisis* in their ideograph, they make the one word by combining two ideas—"danger" and "opportunity."

# CONTENTS

*and live on*



**Youth**

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## 4 "I WAS SCARED"

Teens tell their reactions to and impressions of the Cuban crisis

## 10 CUBAN TEENS IN CRISIS

Jean Wardlow interviews four youth who have fled Castro's Cuba

## 17 WALKING ON THE EDGE

Elizabeth Johns comments on the world scene since the blockade

## 20 FIVE WORLD PRESSURE POINTS

Hot spots to watch (and why) in the year ahead

## 22 THE LONGEST DAY

Don Kliphardt reviews Darryl Zanuck's big war movie

## 26 IS JESUS GOD?

Eugene Wehrli discusses Christ's relationship with God

## 32 THE CHRISTMAS COMMITTEE

Bob Dewey dramatizes meaning of the Incarnation

## 37 HIDING FROM MARLEY

In a new play written for YOUTH, Bill Styles brings Ebenezer Scrooge into the 20th Century world

## 47 TOUCH AND GO

Letters from readers

## 50 TO FILL THE EMPTINESS

A Christmas conversation with four non-Christian students

## 56 CLARINET IN JAZZ

Ted Riedeberg traces the status of the clarinet in jazz

## 60 COOL RESOLUTIONS

Art Unger urges us to take our '63 resolutions seriously

## 64 A PRAYER IN CRISIS

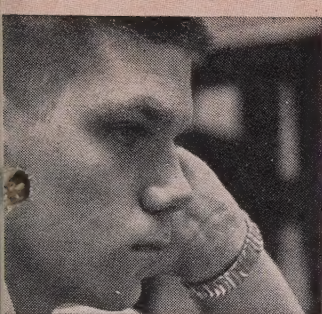




## "I WA

**Cuban blockade** / "We had our backs against the wall and it was now or never, but the United Nations Security Council should have been consulted first," comments Frank Chong, Honolulu, Hawaii. From Ellen Bundchu, Indianapolis, Ind.: "Although the President should do all in his power to protect our country, what right did he have to order another independent country's actions? The U. S. has established missile bases in Turkey for exactly the same purpose as Russia began establishing bases in Cuba. Are we following the policy of 'do as I say, not as I do'?" Finally, Robert Smith, Ansonia, Conn., says: "For the first time since World War II, the U. S. has surprised Russia! For the first time the U. S. took the offensive! For the first time the U. S. made Russia step back



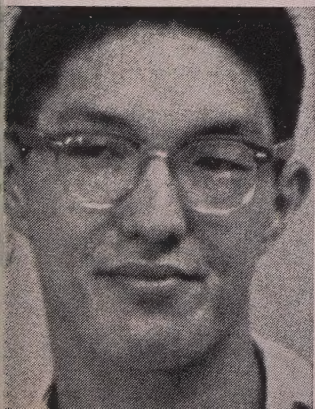


John Terrill, Jr., St. Louis, Mo.

# CARED!"



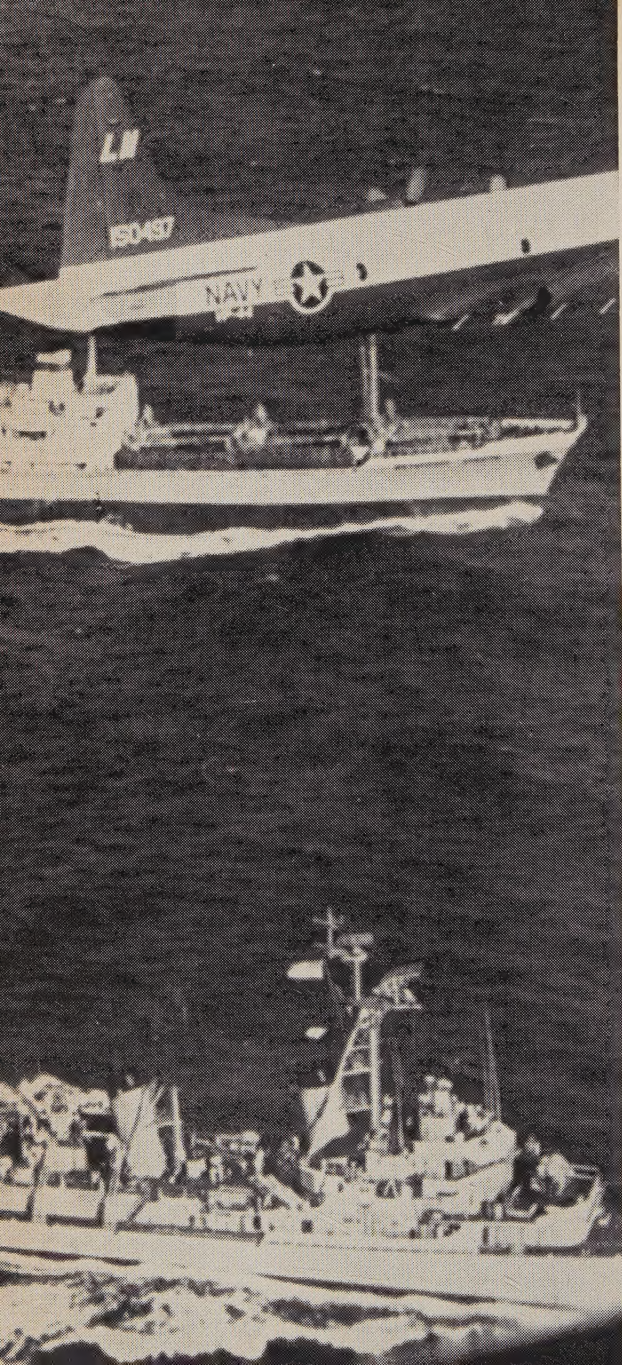
Linda Griffin, Lyndhurst, O.



Frank Chong, Honolulu, Hawaii

**What was your first reaction?** "The first thing I said after seeing President Kennedy's TV report to the nation was 'I'm scared!'," says Linda Griffin, Lyndhurst, O. "I was filled with a warm feeling," says Dan Austin, Galesburg, Mich. "Maybe it was pride or patriotism, but I was very happy that at last we were taking a stand against the Communists even though it might mean nuclear war with Russia." But Jill Sutter, Eaton, Colo., reports: "I think I had a normal reaction. I was panic-stricken. I immediately thought of nuclear attack. I was afraid for the world. What did I do? What could I do? I prayed." John Eberling, Washington, Mo., says, "In only 30 minutes my optimistic plans for the future lost much of their foundation. For a short while, I was completely lost." Virginia Morrow, Altoona, Pa., says: "After hearing that speech, I was proud to say I was a citizen of the U.S.A." From Woodstock, Va., Kathy Clem writes: "Immediately after his speech, I went off to myself and just wished really hard and prayed that no one would lose his head. Later, my family got together and we discussed the situation. We even found room for a little slanted humor." And from Ansonia, Conn.: "My first reaction was a mixture of fear and pride," says Robert Smith. "I was fearful of the consequences, but proud that our nation was finally taking the offensive. Because I was too excited to sit after the TV report, I went for a walk. While walking I met my high school principal and we talked about the implications of the President's action. I expressed my fears of war. He expressed his confidence that Russia would do nothing."





**Breaking Point /** "W  
it was known that some  
the Russian ships heading  
for Cuba had changed the  
course, everyone began  
to relax for the first time  
in days. The action showed  
that the Russians were  
backing down," says Bob  
Smith summarizing the  
easing of tension. "I re-  
spect Khrushchev for real-  
izing that he could go no  
further and that we mean  
business," writes Linda  
Gurtler, Kansas City, Kan.  
"The eyes of many small  
countries are watching as  
Russia lets Castro down.  
Before all the world,  
Premier Castro has been  
shown to be only a puppet  
with Moscow pulling the  
strings." Finally, Dan  
Austin, Galesburg, Mich.  
comments: "Ever since the  
cold war began, the U. S.  
has suffered numerous set-  
backs in foreign affairs,  
because we seem to lack  
courage or initiative to take  
a stand against the Com-  
munists. We have always  
been on the defensive,  
satisfied in trying to contain  
communism instead of de-  
feating it. . . . Now we are  
at last starting to take the  
offensive. If the U. S.  
continues to take an  
offensive attitude, we can  
win the cold war."





Robert Smith, Ansonia, Conn.



Ellen Burdchu, Indianapolis, Ind.



Sue Robinson, Durham, N. H.

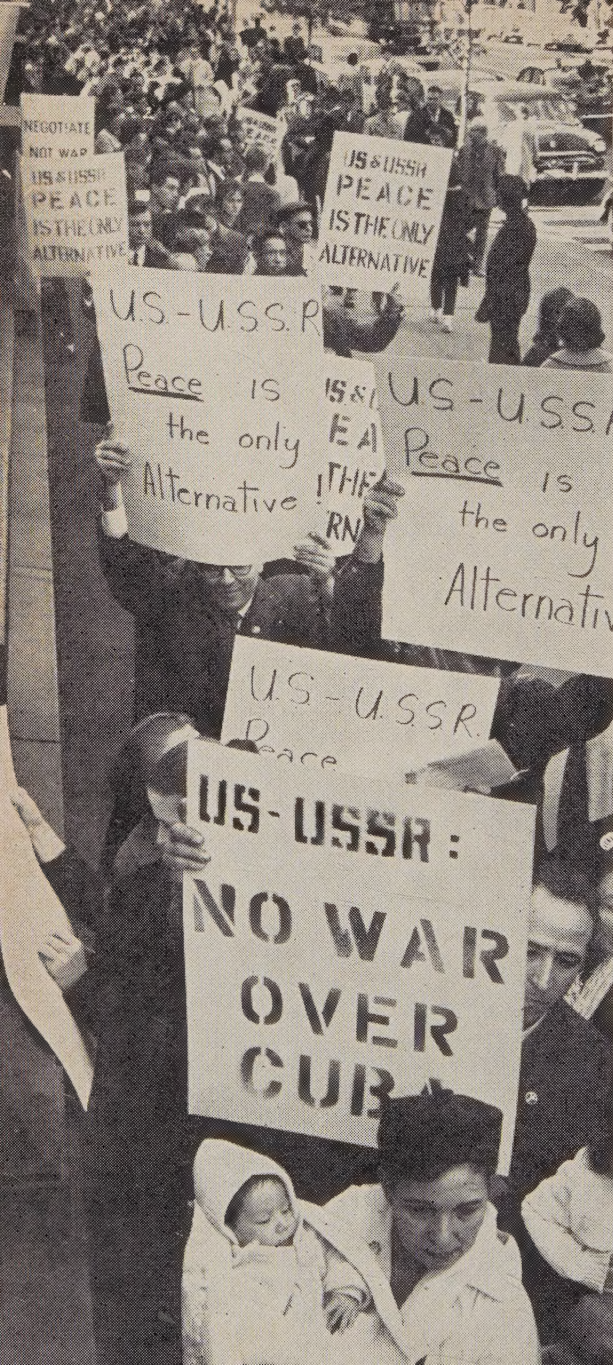


Francis Galt, Mandaree, N. D.

### What was the reaction at school?

"Living in Florida, there was a little more excitement than probably the rest of the nation," says Sharon Branch, West Palm Beach, Fla. "I think everyone was a bit panicky. Lunchtime conversation at school switched from the usual conversation about who made what club to a sensible conversation about the questions: Did President Kennedy do the right thing? and What will be the outcome of all of this? When we saw all of the equipment being carried through our city, the panic hit a high." From Condon, Ore., Sharon Weimar reports: "Students weren't too worried. There was a general feeling of excitement. Some girls were worried because of boy friends in the services. All were for Kennedy. They think he is one of the world's greatest men." From Hagerstown, Md., Kathy Worthington says: "In my school there were two sides—one side backing Kennedy to the hilt and the other saying, 'I knew it; everytime a Democrat gets in, we go to war.'" Bette Gustavson, Skokie, Ill., observes that "I've never seen so many nervous students before. Everywhere I went I heard students talking about dying; what they were going to do in the days that were left. We were told that our area was the wind and fire area and if we didn't die of fallout, it would be from burns. This terrified most students." From Durham, N.H., Sue Robinson writes: "Some were very scared at school. Some ran to the girls' room in tears. Some boys talked of joining the services. Some said, 'Today is our last day.' However, there wasn't mass panic." Jill Sutter, Eaton, Colo., reports: "The high point of fear in our school came when our principal led us into the school fallout shelter for an air-raid test."



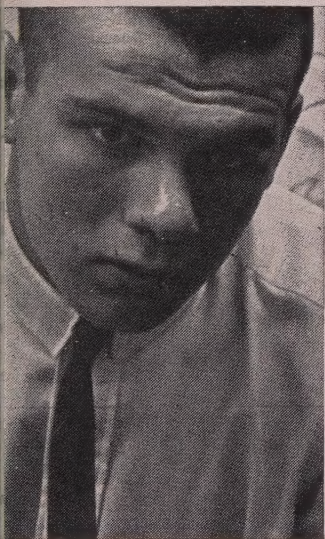


**And the future?** / "The past weeks have shown that many people will allow fear and distrust to sway them from the right," comments Francis Galt, Mandaree, N. Dak. "In talking over this crisis, I heard a minister state that 'there are times when it is necessary to lay aside our moral principles.' If this is our stand, how are we better than the Communists?" From New Haven, Conn., Imre Kovacs observes: "Peace depends on the individual. There are wars not because there are more evil people than good ones, but because the 'good' people are only concerned about themselves. They do not act when an injustice is being done, but only when they themselves are in danger. Each person has to be concerned with those about him, and this, in simple terms, is Christian love. That's the key." And John Terrill, Jr., St. Louis, Mo., says: "The only realistic way to maintain world peace is to maintain a balance of power between the East and West. This and arbitration."





Sharon Branch, West Palm Beach, Fla.



Jim Thomas, Alpena, Mich.



Sharon Weimar, Condon, Ore.

### What helped to ease the tension?

"We talked two whole periods about the crisis," reports Martha McClure, Bangor, Me. "And I'm very glad we did, too. I'm not as frightened now. Being informed really helps." Sue Westerman, Park Hills, Ky., feels that "being among people who agreed with you helped to ease the tension." Paulette Petri, St. Louis, Mo., credits "a cool-headed social studies teacher and the fact that time went on without anything too drastic happening." Jim Thomas, Alpena, Mich., says, "We held discussions in our class and felt that possibly this was a bluff." Ginger Lee Gogle, Easton, Pa., reports: "The teachers were for the most part probably just as shook up as we were. What helped was that most of them tried to be extra jolly and let the kids get their own way. Most of the teachers were very understanding." John Paulson, Big Timber, Mont., says "Some students made jokes about the possibility of all being blown up and I think the laughter eased the obvious tension." At Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Marilyn Moore reports: "Just the fact that we were still following the same routine and not doing anything out of the ordinary helped most to ease the tensions." Francis Galt, Mandaree, N. Dak., gives the following testimony: "When in a classroom speech, I questioned President Kennedy's moral right to stop foreign ships on the high seas, the teacher wrote on my grade sheet, 'Rather unorthodox point of view.' Is it becoming unorthodox to consider one's moral principles? . . . Instead of easing tension at school, I seemed to help stir up more tension by writing a school newspaper editorial claiming that we are losing a war if we adopt our enemies' tactics to win it." ▼▼▼





## THE CUBAN TEENAGERS/LIVIN

**I**T WAS a warm afternoon, that day in Havana only two years ago. Andres Delgado, 15, tried to look casual as he entered the living room where his mother and father were sitting. He ran his hand quickly through dark, wavy hair whipped by his hurried day. But after he sat down and talked for a while, he forgot. So when he reached down to hike up his belt, the papers came spilling out into the floor.

"What is that, Andres?"

"What have you been doing?"

The questions of his mother and father came almost simultaneously, in worried voices, dreading, but already knowing, the answer: Their son was distributing propaganda for the Cuban underground, papers urging resistance to the Castro Communist government.

"I had forgotten that I hid the papers underneath my clothes," recalled Andres, a handsome 12th grader now at Miami Senior High School, where 1,000 of its 3,500 students are Cubans—most of them refugees.

One month after that incident his family packed Andres and his two





## CRISIS

sisters onto a plane bound for the safety of Miami. It was goodbye to Cuba.

"I wanted to stay there. But they said no." Andres spoke quietly of his disappointment. "They said I was too young to fight and that I should study first. My parents stayed behind as long as they could. When you leave Cuba, you know, the government takes over your things, all your property. My father's life was in danger."

"Besides," he added, returning to his own case, "there were those who lived nearby who were Communists and my parents were afraid that they would find out about what I had been doing." Then Andres looked up, concerned. "You must be sure to say that that is over now," he said of his underground work, "or they take it out on my friends who are still there."

Andres' story is similar to ones told many times by the 150,000 Cubans now living in the Miami area—of the families dividing and sometimes even dividing again once they reach the safety of the U. S.; or of parents sending their children on to safety, into the hands of relatives or friends or a waiting priest, nun or welfare worker.



## ***"I felt school under communist rule impossible"***

Teenagers themselves usually cite one of three reasons for coming, or being sent, to the U. S.: To keep out of political trouble (teen-aged boys only too eager to work for their country's freedom); to get away from Communist-indoctrinated schools; to escape being tagged for "scholarships" for Communist schools in Europe. The latter is for the talented.

Their story of fear for their lives is told matter-of-factly by a usually emotional people. It's also a story of being spied upon by former servants or people you knew, who exchanged "information" for food or favors.

"It's a strange thing about leaving," one pretty Cuban teenager said. "You leave your home and your country. But over here you meet again your friends. Only it's different now."

Different in language, which some spoke not at all, customs, and, hardest of all to adjust to, circumstances.

A Coral Gables High School girl's father had been a newspaper publisher, owner of both a town and country home in Cuba and one in Miami Beach. But in Miami he was driving a taxi until he got his toe-hold.

A University of Miami freshman's father was a supreme court judge in Havana. He's working in a mailroom today. A Miami Jackson High School sophomore's father was an outstanding attorney in Cuba and had franchises for well-known dining concessions there. He's a theater manager in Miami these days.

It's a different set of finances to get used to, of course, they said. Their mothers are learning cooking routines which servants had always done for them. There aren't as many new clothes—in fact, they could leave Cuba with only one suitcase, or 66 pounds, apiece. And their homes or apartments here are much more crowded. Sometimes as many as 15 people live in a three-bedroom home.

Andres arrived to live with his godfather, a Cuban who had been living in Miami for nearly a year.

"But he already had ten children of his own," said Andres. "I think that that was the most difficult thing for me. No matter how much you love them, it is very hard living with another family. There were three bedrooms where there were those beds which sit one on the other (bunk beds). I slept in the Florida room on a sofa."

Back in Cuba, where his father was an electrical engineer for Westinghouse, he described his family as 'middle class.' "We rented a house with a small garden in front. It wasn't a big place. And we had a car—a '56."

In Miami, too, Andres started again to school.

"That was the second hardest thing—that and speaking English. At first





*The four Cuban refugees interviewed by YOUTH magazine in Miami are (left to right): Andres Delgado, Olga Arazoza, Rebeca Weiss, and Jesus Gomez.*

stayed with kids who spoke Spanish all the time." Then he smiled proudly, "But now I like to hang around with everybody. In my neighborhood there are nearly all English-speaking people. We play football, take care of my tropical fish and sometimes we go to the aquarium. Often I help out at a Cuban market two blocks from my house."

He's joining teams and clubs now at school and is active in the Catholic Youth Organization, too.

"In the beginning I felt apart here. Not alone exactly. But I didn't feel like I belonged here. It's different now," he said.

Like other Cuban students in the area, Andres is uncertain about his future. While the older people hope from day to day that they'll be returning to Cuba soon, Andres and his friends hold more flexible hopes and plans.

"I would like to go to college to study electrical engineering, but the money. . . ." He shrugged meaningfully. "I hope that perhaps I can get a scholarship." Dade County's school deans and directors of guidance and student activities are busy these days informing them about scholarship possibilities. Also, the U. S. government has a loan program for which Cuban refugees may apply. But, like Andres, many of the Cuban boys say that "if it would be necessary" and "if my family would consent" they would "fight for Cuba" before going to college. ►





*Cubans are a very religious people and mostly Roman Catholic by tradition. Nearly 40 per cent of the refugees, however, are seeking non-Roman Catholic resettlement.*

Olga Arazoza, 17, said of her friends, "We all left about the same time. Now many have gone to other places. Often, I write 20 letters a week."

"We had to get used to a new standard of living here," said Olga, a pretty dark-eyed daughter of a Havana lawyer. "I don't have as many party dresses, for example. We live in a smaller house. But it didn't bother any of us. I think families actually get closer because of something like this. You may be separated. But when you're together again, it means much more. You value it more. Those are the really important things."

Olga, short, full of life and eager to take part in her new school life (she's active in the school's Pan American Club which puts out its own newspaper), lives with her mother and father in a nicely furnished home in Miami's southwest section, not far from the school.

Living there, too, is her grandmother, last of the family to leave Cuba.

"She left everything in a mess so that the Communists wouldn't get it when they came," Olga said proudly. "She even ruined the TV set." When a teacher chided her for such feelings of destruction Olga smiled shyly and replied: "I know it's wrong. But the Communists . . . It is a terrible thing. I was glad to leave the Communists (the students reported that the Communists have put their own books in the schools and some students didn't go to school for as long as a year before finally coming to the U. S., something which makes their studies here more difficult), but it was hard to get used to school here, running from class to class." She referred to changing classes for each subject.

Rebeca Weiss, 16, and a tenth grader, said: "It was very sad to leave Cuba, but one cannot live with the Communists. First, in the schools we cannot speak, we cannot give our opinion freely. And even in our houses we are watched by the neighbors to see what we do. They take our houses and our property. We waited as long as we could. But about the time of the



## **"When Castro turned from the church, we left"**

invasion (the Bay of Pigs invasion), we decided to leave our Cuban home."

Along with her 66 pounds of belongings, she also took her favorite toy, plush, stuffed calf. She and her family first went to Caracas, Venezuela, to an aunt's. Six months ago they came on to Miami "because we have many friends here and it is not so cold."

"I want to return to Cuba someday," she said, "but I am trying very hard to adapt here. When the language becomes easier I think it will be better for me then."

Jesus Gomez, 17, is one of five children. But he lives in Miami with a cousin, for his parents are still in Cuba.

"My mother was the one who wanted me to come here," said the good-looking young Habanero who endeared himself to his homeroom by rattling off Spanish poetry like U. S. boys quote baseball scores.

"I felt mad because I didn't want to leave my country under a Communist government. But my parents told me that I was young and had a life to live. If I stayed, they said, I wouldn't be anything in life, for I had to go to school. My father (in his 60's and who worked his way up to an officer of Consolidated Railroads of Cuba until the Castro government took them over) thought there wouldn't be any trouble for him if he stayed, and

**How to help a refugee family:** The heavy flow of Cuban refugees into the Miami area has caused a crucial need for resettlement of these families outside Florida. The U. S. government has turned for help to Church World Service and three other voluntary agencies with past experience in refugee resettlement. Already 35 plane-loads of refugees have been resettled throughout the country. Through Church World Service, congregations of the United Church of Christ have participated in 18 of these chartered "Flights in Freedom." Right now a seventh grade church school class in Akron, Ohio, is busy organizing a group resettlement of Cuban refugees by United Church congregations in Summit County. By the end of this year, nearly 400 refugees will have been settled under United Church sponsorship. Our denominational goal for 1963 is 900 Cubans resettled. Although there have been no new arrivals since the blockade, there remain 100,000 Cubans who need resettlement if they are to become self-supporting. You can help by challenging your church to sponsor a Cuban refugee individual or family. A sponsor agrees to secure for the refugee family suitable housing and a job upon arrival in the sponsoring community. He also agrees to stand by the family with food and necessities until the first paycheck arrives. The U. S. government pays the transportation costs from Miami to their new home. This sponsorship offer carries with it a moral, not a legal responsibility. For additional information, write: Rev. Truman Stehr, Refugee and Resettlement Officer, Division of World Service, United Church Board for World Ministries, Room 1643, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N. Y.



## **"Someday I want to go back, but now I adapt"**

he had his grandchildren there. So he remained." His father was jailed once, but later released. "I receive letters from them and I talk to them by phone once a month."

Most of the Cuban teenagers in Miami have seen Fidel Castro at one time or another. Some even have friends who served with him. Others have relatives who are now in his prisons.

"I saw Castro riding in a parade," said Jesus. "It was shortly after the revolution. He was in a tank. My father didn't like him. I personally thought that he seemed to be a new hero to the young people. I liked him all right at first. But I had a friend who had been with him in the mountains (the Sierra Maestra where Castro's forces banded). He told me that he would be with Castro until he turned from the church." This was when the 'is-he-or-isn't-he?' arguments were going on. When he turned from the church, my friend left Castro."

"I am a Catholic. And I feel it's quite close to me. Maybe it's closer in Cuba than it is here—after all, I went to a Catholic school there. But it is something very important to me and I feel that it is to all Cubans. We could not have as a hero someone who turned on our church," said Jesus.

And how are the youngsters fitting into the rest of the Miami teen population? Very well, say other students. "They teach us Spanish; we teach them the twist," was one comment.

Latin Americans are nothing new to Miami, which has been a gateway city for many years. But the recent large numbers have caused federal aid to mushroom into the area and the schools' walls to be pushed back. But rather than commenting on newly created problems, most school, police, and other civic officials comment on the amazing incidence of fitting so many thousands into an area with so *few* "problems" resulting—and by problems they mean violent ones stemming from "anti" feelings.

As far as Miami's teenagers are concerned, most feel they've found new friends. And as far as Cuban teens are concerned, it's an adjustment to make, but they're making it.

How are they doing in their studies? Very well, say school officials, who have instituted Cuban aides to assist regular teachers in classrooms to overcome the language barrier. Based on a 4.0 grading system, for example, Olga has a 3.9 average; Rebeca, 3.6; Andres, 3.2 and Jesus 3.0.

And although they're planning to continue their studies in the U. S., one young Cuban said, "I think that sooner or later we all want to go back—to claim what is ours. But we must also do what we can to make Cuba a new country—one that we would want for our own children."

—JEAN WARDLOW





## WALKING ON THE EDGE

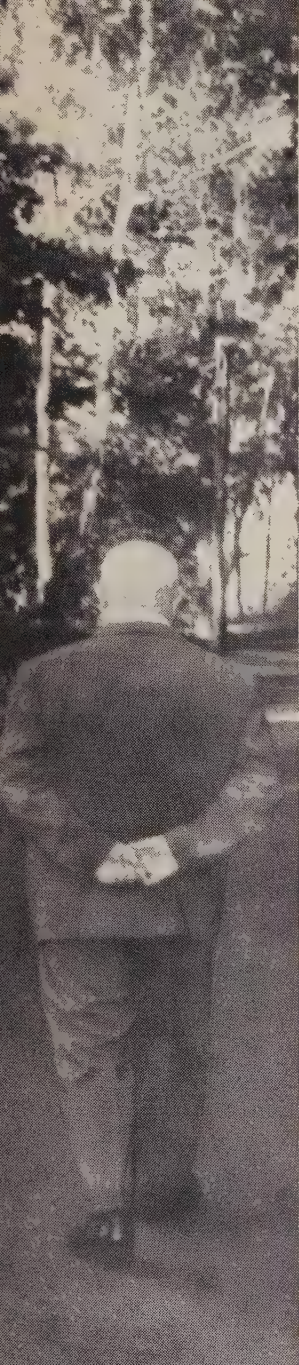
**I**T IS OUR FATE—or our good fortune—to live at a critical juncture in world history. Some kind of world order was maintained by individual nations or by alliances of nations. For example, the Holy Roman Empire maintained a Pax Romana, and gave some semblance of stability to world order for hundreds of years. Between 1812 and 1911 there was a balance of power centered in Great Britain. ►

## WALKING ON THE EDGE

Since World War II we have been faced with a truly precarious situation where two great powers confront one another, and where the kind of order we shall have in the future has not yet been realized. It has been the hope of many that the United Nations could become the center of a new world order. Neither the West nor the Communist nations, however, seem willing to permit the United Nations to wield that kind of power.

If we think of the kind of world order we have or would like to have, and how we shall arrive at it, we see the recent Cuban situation as a testing ground where two giant nuclear powers sized each other up in an attempt to establish some concept of order. Khrushchev was undoubtedly trying to find out how we would react. Dr. Herman Reissig, the International Relations Secretary of our Council for Christian Social Action, says it is a mystery how Khrushchev supposed he could get away with the missile bases in Cuba when he knew that we could photograph them, and when Kennedy had said he would not stand for missiles that could be used as aggressive weapons.

Beyond this consideration, Cuba was especially important for the whole Latin American situation. It is possible that Khrushchev believed the United States would invade Cuba in the near future; if so, this would present the Soviet Union with a direct challenge which they would have to answer with arms, or their promises to Cuba would be completely discredited. It may be that recent developments on their part were an effort to forestall such an eventuality. The Communist leaders certainly were aware of the situation in Latin America. They knew that millions there were in a revolutionary mood and inclined to look with favor on Castroism. Castro had overthrown the old regime and had defied the United States by his alignment with the Soviet Union. For the





## **The new solutions needed for a new world?**

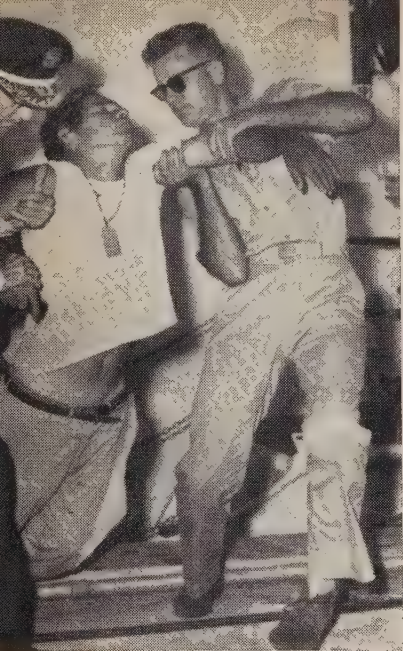
future of Communist penetration in Latin America it probably seemed important to Khrushchev to have Cuba as an example of a successful social revolution in utter defiance of Uncle Sam. His action, of course, turned out differently. As the *New York Times* said in one of its editorials after the first critical days, Khrushchev had united Latin America in favor of the West in a way Kennedy had not been able to do since his election.

There are some encouraging aspects to the picture now. Having come so close to nuclear holocaust and yet having avoided it, will both sides perhaps hesitate longer before walking to the brink of war again? Since the Russians did turn back their ships and remove some missiles, might this open the door to negotiations on other matters and give greater hope for the disarmament conference in Geneva? Yet, we recognize the great danger if too many Americans conclude that our willingness to show we will fight will lead to a drawing back of Russia and therefore we should move again and frequently to a show of force.

In an age of nuclear weapons, war or the immediate threat of war, is no longer a tenable solution to the world's problems. What does this mean for you and me? It seems clear that we must accept the fact that we are going to live out the rest of our lives in a world of tension and recurring crises. Those of us who are older have our roots in a world order that has vanished. New solutions are needed to fit a new world. Young people can approach the problems with freshness and creativity, and are perhaps more able to think in terms of world citizenship than their elders. The very revolutionary world in which we live may challenge some of you to a vocation in diplomacy or in some other aspect of international relations. Surely we are all challenged to study the issues more deeply, to broaden our horizons so that we may live more effectively as world citizens.

One of the greatest tests of our faith today is whether it can help us to live with some serenity even on the edge of an abyss in the midst of the world we now face. The Christian faith has lived through many periods of transition and revolution and shifting power structures. It offers no easy or superficial solutions. It demands of us a commitment to live as agents of reconciliation amidst all the divisions and tensions of our time. It tells us that God acts in history, in ways often beyond our understanding, that God is concerned with persons, and that we respond to his love by deep involvement in all the issues of our time, by living with the serenity of faith even in the midst of the knowledge that we are on the brink of possible nuclear war. It calls us to pursue relentlessly the avoidance of war and the reconciliation of peoples, even to the love of our enemies.

—ELIZABETH JOHNS



# 5

## MAJOR WORLI

**1** In Latin America, economic and political instability poses a threat to democratic governments in the hemisphere, despite Cuba's weakened influence.



**2** In Southeast Asia, Communists still sap Vietnam's energy with guerilla war and weaken Souvanna Phouma's neutralist regime in Laos with unrest.







**5** In Berlin, Soviet efforts to end Western occupation threaten a major clash. Communists continue to test the West's firmness with Berlin "feelers."

**4** In Africa, uncertainty clouds Algeria's future, Katanga's continued secession threatens the Congo, and inexperience plagues the rising young nations.

## RESSURE POINTS



**3** In India, Communist China tries to overthrow Nehru's Asian and African leadership with military threats and diplomatic maneuvering.



## THE LONGEST DAY

*Produced and directed by Darryl F. Zanuck, and featuring 42 American, British, French, and German stars.*

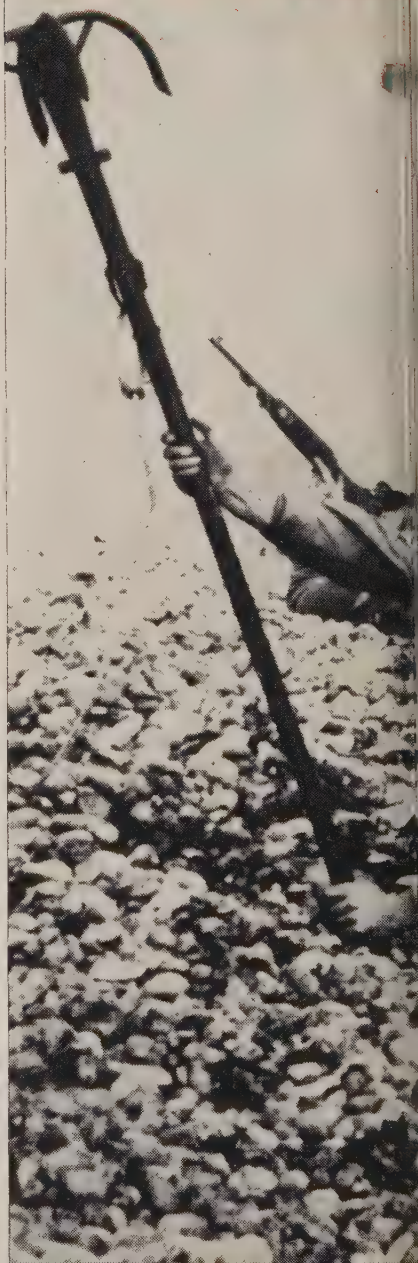
I saw this re-creation of D-Day just a few minutes after President Kennedy's proclamation to the nation of the Cuban "quarantine." This kind of timing made for a most haunting experience.

Think back and you may well recall how close to war many people felt we were during the height of that week. Stretch your imagination a bit further and "picture" seeing this film on the night when tensions were the tightest.

Add to this mental imagery a top-notch producer's terrific job with his subject and you have an idea of my mixed emotions.

*The Longest Day*, based upon Cornelius Ryan's best-seller (now in paperback), recounts only the hours immediately preceding history's most mammoth military undertaking and those of the actual day slated for fame. In one of the screen's finest treatments of "slices-of-life," the producer perpetuates himself as a man with creative intelligence and conviction. You could almost say he has a message or two.

Though Zanuck (as other film makers) denies the label, he has been responsible for a spectrum of meaningful cinema since the 1930s. In 1938 he made the epic missionary drama of *Stanley and Livingstone*, starring Spencer Tracy and Sir Ce-





# THE LONGEST DAY





Werner Hinze, as Field  
Marshal Rommel



Robert Mitchum, as Brigadier  
General Cota



Kenneth More, as  
Captain Cole

dric Hardwicke in the respective roles. It remains one of the great inspirational screen-plays of all time. Subsequent examples of his points of view include *Gentleman's Agreement*, *Pinky*, and *No Way Out* dealing with prejudice, the monumental biography *Wilson*, and such mature commentaries of modern issues as *All About Eve*, *Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, and *The Razor's Edge*.

Hopefully, these asides lend substantial background to the man who made this movie, recent headlines you may have read of his gaining the 20th Century-Fox management reins again, and the projects he will undertake in the years to come. While a knowledgeable businessman and skilled film-maker—traits mandatory for staying in the business with pictures people will pay to see—Zanuck remains a man of no little social sensitivity.

During its production, *Longest Day* promised to be his best or last picture. Nearly \$10,000,000 was at stake in costs, and for a black-and-white film at that. Cinemaddicts on many continents wondered if he could bring it off, and the ever-present "vultures" that feed on the failures of famous persons privately prayed for disaster.

Surrounded by this climate of uncertainty, Zanuck proceeded to amass in one way or another a fleet of ships, armies of soldiers, stores of weapons—all now 18 years in the past—and translate them into stacks of logistics or shooting schedules. Competent actors and actresses from all four major





*1. beachmaster  
Sword Beach*



*Curt Jurgens, as General Blumen-  
tritt, Von Rundstedt's chief of staff*



*Peter Lawford, as Lord  
Lovat, Commando*

countries involved in those memorable days were signed, as were behind-the-scenes technicians from Europe and America.

Above all, the bittersweet memories of the event for people caught up on both sides of the battle had to come alive for citizens of the 1960s.

Those memories do not come alive in a series of cameo sequences. Human bravery and stamina rightfully overshadow technical excellence. The myriad of men thrown together in this massive, physical assault on inhumanity face us in fleeting scenes, fading swiftly into sea and shore and air invasion.

Moments of macabre (and other) humor emerge naturally, almost as punctuation marks for the motion picture. They set off sequences and add partial relief to the unrelieved intensity of combat and crisis.

While Zanuck has taken dramatic liberties with secondary historical facts, he manifests production integrity at most crucial points. During scenes featuring German and French characters, for example, they speak their native languages as English sub-titles appear on the screen.

Paul Anka's musical score says the most when, through the picture, it speaks in appropriate orchestral expressions. But during the opening and closing moments, Mitch Miller is let loose with his whistling, "sing-along" arrangements. That's too much, too simple-minded for the saga we're witnessing.

—DONALD KLIPHARDT

IS  
JESUS  
GOD?





RECENTLY I had the chance to observe seven young people who were planning a program for their Youth Fellowship. As I watched, I noticed that one member talked at least one-third of the time. One would assume that this person was the leader of the group, but a curious thing was evident. The rest of the group seemed to pay no attention to what the talkative person was saying. No one looked at her when she spoke. They stared off into space. When she was done, no one reacted to her comments, but the conversation resumed where it had been before. As far as the six were concerned, Sally was not there.

Most interesting in this whole discussion was the fact that the program being planned was on brotherhood—understanding and accepting other people. While the committee was focusing on understanding, right in its midst there was a growing misunderstanding, as well as terrible loneliness, lostness. While the committee knew the words of their Christian faith, the matter of seeing its relevance to their situation was far from their capability. They accepted the idea of care for the outcast, but they had not learned honestly to accept it in their own lives, nor even to recognize its opportunities. Often the world understands that the words the church uses are just words. It is not that church people are trying to deceive. It is just that they have put so much confidence in the words of their mouth that they cannot see the shallow meaning of their actions.

Now what does this have to do with understanding Jesus Christ and his relation to God? In the terms which we have been using, God does not communicate with us by words, but rather through what we might call the language of life. The Bible is not words about God, telling us either how to think of God or who he is, but it is a description in human words telling what God has done in life. For Christians the *story* of Jesus has been even more important than the *words* of Jesus. Just

words without the language of life would give no meaning or hope. What good would it do even to hear Jesus say that God loves and seeks the lost if no tax-collector or harlot ever experienced this seeking forgiveness? The parable of the Prodigal Son would mean nothing unless the people that it talks about had become flesh and blood. The God Jesus talked about, men experienced through their lives in relation to Jesus' life.

But this is what the church has always experienced. When it looked to Jesus it did not hear words, but it saw God's love redeeming the lost and the sinner. The Bible is not simply words, as our youth planning session, but an expression of the very experience. The earliest Christian writings of Paul tell us none of the words of Jesus, but rather concentrate on the meaning of his life. What Jesus said about God is not nearly so important as the fact that men experienced the reality of God when they met him. Likewise, the church, when it tells the story of Jesus and remembers him, does not hear words about the past, but really discovers that God rules our world.

Would you call Jesus a man? Yes, of course, for if the purpose of God had not taken on flesh and blood in life, but was only a discussion about attributes or qualities of God, it would be no truer than our planning session was true brotherhood.

Would you *call* Jesus God? Yes, of course, for the very action of God became known in his life and work. Knowledge of God is no longer merely words, but it is the language by which life communicates to life. It can speak when words fail, or can fail no matter how pious the words may be.

But *IS* Jesus God? There is something unsatisfactory about this question which makes it hard to answer without implying something that is not meant. The answer to the question does not depend upon the words, but on what the person means by asking the words. For many people, the words *God* and *man* are



considered to be opposites. If someone is God, then he isn't man and vice versa. Hence, to say that Jesus is God is like saying that he isn't man, which we certainly do not want to say.

Even worse, the question suggests to many that Jesus is made of some special substance that we might call divine as over against what is human. But as we said earlier, if we call Jesus God it is not because he is some special substance, but because we discover God's care and action taking on the language of life *for us* when we look at Jesus. That is, when we look at Jesus the man, we see God doing something to us and for us in his life. The apostle Paul says this very clearly when he says, "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself." Jesus is God's means of making himself known to us and releasing us from the things that destroy us. For example, when we look at the crucifixion we see how cruel "good men" can be in the name of the right. We discover a dimension of sin that is not easily seen. But when we look at the cross we also see how far God's love goes in self-giving. I stop loving when too much is at stake, but God doesn't. He goes all the way. We see then, there is nothing that we can do, no matter how bad, that will cause God to forsake us or abandon us. Here is great hope. So the cross reveals both the sin of our "goodness" *and* the fact that no sin can separate us from God. God makes both his judgment and hope known in Jesus. In him God does something to us and for us. To come to know Jesus is to come to know God's action and purpose.

Since this is so, it means that Jesus is absolutely unique for the Christian. It is true that I might say of someone else, "I see God in him," but I know this only to the degree that I see his life becoming Christ-like. And yet, no matter how much I see God in anyone else, I am painfully aware that these people are also very frail, weak and sinful (like the people in the youth planning session), and that they need to be forgiven by God time and

again. Furthermore, it is the image of Christ which enables me to recognize what part of them is Christ-like and what part is frail and weak. Christ himself is the standard by which I recognize God in others and by which I know their weaknesses. Finally, only because God comes to them in their moment of frailty can I begin to see Christ formed in them. Christ is God's means of my recognizing his presence among men as well as the means of discovering my need.

We can sum up what we have been trying to say by asking the question, "How do we get to know a person?" The answer is that we know no one as they are in themselves but we know them by what they do—by the actions which they take toward us. We often say, "you don't really know him," when we mean, "you have not experienced him like I have." This is the only way we can know God as well. We do not know him as he is in himself, but we come to know him as we recognize and experience his actions, and Jesus Christ is God's most complete means of action. The question is not, "Is he God in essence?" but, "Do his actions enable me to experience the true God?"

We already begin to get a major clue to understanding that mysterious word *trinity*. God's action is such a living power that, though we experience him as an Almighty Father above all things and nature, we also experience him making his purpose known within human life and history. The trinity is not an abstract idea that somebody thought up in his study, but it is the Christians' testimony to how they have experienced God in their lives. They know God as the Father, the object of their devotion and the Creator, but they also know him as acting in their world, doing something to them and for them in Jesus Christ. And yet, this same God not only does something to them, but he also inspires them within, strengthens and comforts them (Holy Spirit). The trinity is an attempt in the static forms of systematic language



to express the real dynamic character of God who is known to man by what he does and who speaks vitally in all dimensions of life. He is above us, he acts in our world and its history, he dwells within us. Yet it is all the activity of the same God.

Perhaps we might help ourselves if we would ask, "What would happen if we abandoned the idea of the trinity?" To do this would be to lose God's relevance for our life and world. Where knowing God is separated from God's action in Jesus, then knowing God comes to mean thoughts about God or concepts of God. Now there is nothing wrong about having ideas of God, but such thoughts are abstractions that are the product of our thinking. They do not let me know God as living. In fact, it is impossible for me to worship my thought of God, for it is the product of my own knowledge. When Jesus Christ is separated from God we lose the personal knowledge of what God is doing to us and for us, and exchange this understanding for ideas that are passive and which do not act.

The other possibility is that in separating Christ from God, we are forced to think of God only in terms of absolute and dictatorial power. It is the life of Christ that reveals to us that God's power is not designed to overwhelm or enslave man like a dictator, but that his power is to redeem and free man from all that would destroy him. Of course, equally tragic results would occur if we neglected, in our understanding of God, either the Holy Spirit or the Almighty ruling Father. The trinity remains the only adequate way that Christians have been able to express their experience of a living and powerful God. Any single formulation in language would not suggest the whole of his dynamic relationship to the world. By trying to express God's action in three ways, though it is the same God, we are forced to see how the mighty actor makes himself known in the diverse experiences of life.

—EUGENE WEHRLI







**The Christmas Committee ▶**

## The Christmas Committee

"You name the Christmas Committee," they said.  
"You did it last year"—(we had holes in our head!)  
"You did it so well, we'd like it once more.  
Whatever you plan—just beyond the front door."

"Something just right for the festive event  
Which the church always celebrates awhile before Lent.  
You young folks are part of 'the Body,' you know.  
We'd like you to do it. We want you to grow."

No great enthusiasm, we are forced to admit  
Was shown by 'the Youth Group'—nobody flipped.  
Still—a responsible crowd—they set aside three,  
Assigned them "to do it;" yawn, twiddle-dee-dee.

These three were not common. They tackled the job  
With a fiercesome intention to startle the mob.  
They knew where the figures familiar were stored  
But a simple repeat of last year they abhorred.

They set out to research the job to the core.  
Reviewed last year's effort and found it a bore.  
They re-read the story from Matthew and Luke.  
They even read John with its solemn rebuke.

"The word was made flesh," they found in the book.  
"Became just like us, yet we hardly dare look."  
This birth might amaze us today, they decided.  
"Let's tell it again, if a way is provided."

"But not with the lights and traditional things  
For those always celebrate typical kings.  
The royalty crowned by the money we spend  
For treasures, heaped up, in our stores without end."

So they managed to find an old mannekin, somewhere.  
They dressed her in rags and they covered her hair.  
They gave her a doll wrapped in swaddling clothes  
And they planted her firmly, with snow on her nose.

For two weeks she stood there, beyond the front door  
Just holding her baby on the icy white floor.  
Behind her a great wooden cross they erected  
To suggest that the baby was finally rejected.

The blasts they expected were surprisingly few  
Their youthfulness saved them and the idea *was* new.



At first people laughed. They were full of good cheer.  
For Christmas, tra la, only comes once a year.

But when, with some feeling, the committee of three  
Announced their decision to "let the thing be  
Through winter and summer until it fell down,"  
They found, in a twinkling, they'd angered the town.

"It's all very well to pull stunts now and then.  
You're young. We expect it. Regret it no end.  
But to leave this unsightly mess in the church yard  
Is going too far. We just have to be hard."

"Leave it up until New Year's for people to see.  
Then remove it. We're sorry. It just has to be.  
Next year we may have to try something more kindly.  
We can't spoil the season with things thrown up blindly."

So that year, in X-ville, the people walked round  
And gazed at the tinsel all covering the ground;  
The spot-lighted donkey and baby and all  
In front of the bank; the creche on the Mall;

The candles in windows of drugstores and bars;  
The angels, all singing, above the new cars.  
While Mary just stood there, alone and ignored  
As people bought presents they still could afford.

The day after New Year's, they all went to work.  
The season was over—come and gone with a jerk.  
The kids were in school. The past was forgotten  
Except that the Christmas Committee felt rotten.

Their minds were still filled with a picture, not pleasant  
Of the poor little babe, and her mother, the peasant  
Who stood where they left her—out on the dump heap  
All leaning, bedraggled, crying "Sleep, baby, sleep."

The cross they'd put by her still stood at her side  
Brought out to the dump heap for some place to hide.  
Around its straight beam a wrapping now hung  
Abandoned with refuse when the gay day was done.

A string, which had held it in place on a box,  
Still carried a Santa Claus card—the old fox.  
And on it was written in printing still bright  
"Merry Christmas to all and to all a goodnight."

—ROBERT DEWEY



## Donald Kliphardt dies in New York airline crash

Don Kliphardt, whose incisive movie reviews have appeared once a month in *YOUTH* under the heading, "Films in Focus," was fatally injured in the tragic airplane crash at New York's Idlewild Airport on November 30. His review of "The Longest Day" (pages 22-25) was the last that he wrote.

At the age of only 31, Don had done much to assist young people and church leaders in their choice and utilization of religious and feature films. He was an associate director of the Department of Audio-Visual and Broadcast Education of the National Council of Churches and chairman of the Protestant Cinema Critics Guild. Don supervised a nationwide network of 50 interdenominational committees whose evaluations were compiled into the *Audio-Visual Resource Guide* of which he was editor.

Don, who was an Evangelical United Brethren minister, had served on the National Council staff since his graduation from seminary in 1955. His wife, Barbara, and two pre-school children survive.

may we quote you?

- ▶ Time has no divisions to mark its passage. There is never a thunderstorm or blare of trumpets to announce the beginning of a new month or year. Even when a new century begins it is only we mortals who ring bells and fire off pistols. —*Thomas Mann*
- ▶ Mankind has grown strong in eternal struggles and it will only perish through eternal peace. —*Adolf Hitler*
- ▶ It is the experience, not the definition of God that comes first . . . God must become more than a theorem or a proposition, and religious life begins, not in definition, but in experience. —*Edwin E. Voight*
- ▶ When a man finds no peace within himself, it is useless to seek it elsewhere. —*The Illustrator*
- ▶ The holiday season is that time of year when every home looks Christmussy. —*Anna Herbert*
- ▶ The world cannot continue to wage war like physical giants and to seek peace like intellectual pygmies. —*Basil O'Connor*
- ▶ The turning points of lives are not the great moments. The real crises are often concealed in occurrences so trivial in appearance that they pass unobserved. —*William E. Woodward*
- ▶ Two-thirds of the people of the earth had no Christmas this year, because they knew nothing about it. Although the Christian church has celebrated Christmas for more than 1,800 years, more than a billion people have never heard the Christmas story.

—*Survey Bulletin*



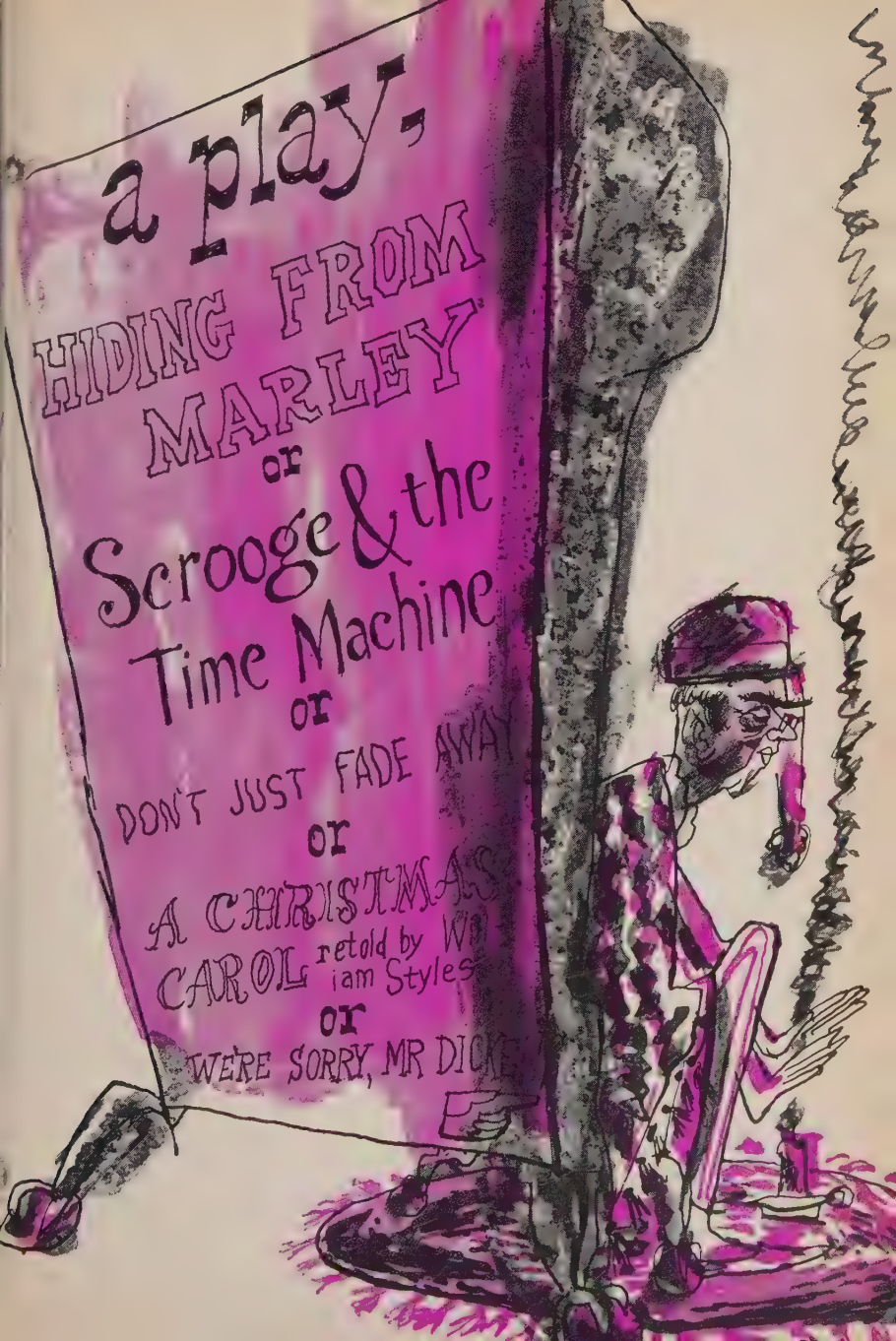
a play,  
HIDING FROM  
MARLEY

or  
Scrooge & the  
Time Machine

or  
DON'T JUST FADE AWAY

or  
A CHRISTMAS  
CAROL retold by William Styles

or  
WE'RE SORRY, MR DICKENS









## Scene 1

(SCENE: Ebenezer Scrooge's chambers in the least merrie section of merrie old . . . Oops! . . . merrie olde London. Scrooge, preparing to retire for the night, is startled by a noise.)

SCROOGE: Zounds! What sounds! Like chains dragging across the floor downstairs. Don't tell me hoods have broken in again! (Pause) Bah! Hamburg! It's my imagination. But hark! The metalliferous vibrations on my eardrums seem to indicate that yon heavy chains are being pulled up the stairs. That's what I call a *real* drag. It's right outside my door now. (Shouts) That's as far as you go, my fine fettered friend! The door's bolted and I don't cater to members of the chain gang. (With a horrified gasp) Good grief! He's coming *through* the door! The building materials in these houses are worthless! Who are you?

GHOST: In life I was your partner, Jake Marley.

SCROOGE: Why, Jake you're nothing but a ghost of your former self!

GHOST: (Nodding) You get the picture.

SCROOGE: I wasn't expecting you. I don't have a thing in the house to offer a ghost . . . unless maybe you'd like some spirit gum?

GHOST: Stay! My time is short.

SCROOGE: I see you have your chains on. Snow getting deep out there?

GHOST: I wear the chain I forged in life. Unless you mend your ways, old partner, you'll have one that will make *this* look like a mere watch chain.

SCROOGE: Bah! Hamburg!

GHOST: Mark my words. Every day in every way you're getting fettered and fettered and fettered. Our charts show that as your business aptitude rises, your social adjustment keeps falling. Now, we have a little spiritual-therapy program mapped out for you here . . .

SCROOGE: Skip the commercial! I'm all right, Jake. I may not be adjusted to my neighbors, but I'm adjusted to *me*. I like me this way.

GHOST: (Ghostly and ghastly, rattling his chains as he screams) A-a-u-ugh-h!

SCROOGE: Jake! Why are you making like Tarzan?

GHOST: Because what you said bugged me! This is known as a chain reaction.

SCROOGE: Look, I'm just a sweet little old peace-loving man who only wants to go on making money in his own way . . . er . . . hand over fist.

GHOST: (*Resolutely*) You will be visited by three spirits. Expect the first on the morrow, which is the first day of the new haunting season.

SCROOGE: Could I maybe put in a bid for Casper, the friendly ghost?

GHOST: Expect the second on the day after, and the third on . . .

SCROOGE: Couldn't I just give up the ghosts, Jake?

GHOST: You can't beat this rap, partner *I have spooked.* (*Starts to withdraw*) Now I must be spiriting myself away.

SCROOGE: But where do you stay, Jake? In a ghost town?

GHOST: No such luck. We spirits have to keep three sheets to the wind. We're forlorn and airborne most of our supernatural life. Well, it's take-off time again. Off to the happy haunting ground. Toodle-oo-oo-o-o-o. (*Fades away*)

SCROOGE: But Jake . . . ! He's gone! Talk about fast-acting, quick-dissolving . . . ! Now for some fast action of my own. He expects me to sit on my hands waiting for this apparition exposition but I'm a wiser miser than these spectres conjecture. This calls for a drastic tactic. Let's see. Do I know any mad scientists? Preferably money-mad; then we'd understand each other. Hm-m. That's it! Who else but Dr. Shekel! Everyone else is getting ready for bed at this hour, which means he'd just be starting in to work. I'll lam over to his lab.

## Scene 2

(SCENE: *Dr. Shekel's morbid, mucid laboratory. Scrooge has just finished telling Shekel what has happened.*)

SHEKEL: So you're becoming a real ghost-getter, eh? Well, if you'd like extra protection, I could sell you my new spectre detector. Its phantom circuit gives a warning every time it feels the spirits moving. Hi-fi reproduction brings out the full range from high spirits to low spirits. It's guaranteed ghoul-proof.

SCROOGE: A detector I don't need. When these ghosts are around me, they make no secret of it. What I need is an exterminator.

SHEKEL: Can't help you there. People and flies I cheerfully exterminate on request. But ghosts we just have to live with.





SCROOGE: If they'd just scare me for kicks, I wouldn't beef. But ghosts nowadays have the psychology bug. They've switched from vampiring to *re-vamping* personalities.

SHEKEL: Can't you ignore them?

SCROOGE: I can ignore *anyone* until he starts coming between me and my only true love—money!

SHEKEL: So it's come to that, eh? Sounds like supernatural sabotage.

SCROOGE: Worse! They plan to brainwash me into thinking that *people* are more important than *money*! Now, I'm a swinging businessman, Doc. If I let this happen to me, I'll have had it.

SHEKEL: The old story, eh? The plight of the man who's a hundred years ahead of his time. (*Pause*) Say, maybe that's your answer!

SCROOGE: What?

SHEKEL: Come over here for a minute. Just follow me and . . . oops! Watch out for the assorted hands and scalps and eyeballs on the floor. Tools of the trade, you know.

SCROOGE: What's brewing in that huge vat over there? The one that's bubbling over. It looks like soap suds!

SHEKEL: Even we mad scientists have to eat. And nothing brings in the cash like a new washday miracle now and then. But I want to show you my time machine here. Just a flick of the dial and whisk! You'd be sent more than a hundred years into the future. It's the best I can offer for hiding from ghosts.

SCROOGE: (*Thinking it over*) I don't know. Think there'd be a place in the future for a confirmed skinflint like me?

SHEKEL: I can't be sure. But with commerce and manufacturing now just beginning to grow, my guess is that future centuries might offer a cosier place than the present for a hard businessman like you.

SCROOGE: You think these hosts of ghosts wouldn't find me there?

SHEKEL: Not a ghost of a chance! At least, not for a while! We might doubly confuse them by placing you in some distant, unspiritual place—with business opportunities, of course. The United States perhaps?

SCROOGE: Hm-m. Ebenezer Scrooge in 20th century America. Well, it *might* be a chance to stay the kind of skinflint I am. Let's not waste time, Doc.

SHEKEL: All right. Just climb in there. Setting it at full power should send you ahead about 120 years, leaving you in the early 1960's . . .





### Scene 3

(SCENE: The plush office of A. Jolly Goodfellow, business tycoon, multi-millionaire manufacturer, and beloved community benefactor in the present-day U.S.A. As the scene opens, Scrooge, who has been employed by the Goodfellow Corporation for some months, enters and confronts A. J.)

SCROOGE: You sent for me, Mr. Goodfellow?

A. J.: Now now, Ebby boy, none of that formality. Just call me A. J. Everybody calls me A. J. And do it with a smile. Remember, everybody at the Goodfellow Corporation smiles! Come on, Ebby boy, let's see a b-i-g smile.

SCROOGE: Bah! Hamburg! I do a swinging amount of work for this outfit, which I do not regret. But smiling takes time, thought, and energy; it might interfere with my work.



A. J.: Ebby, you have a sharp business sense but your techniques are more than 50 years behind times. Er . . . have a cigar, my good man. Have several! Now take me, for instance. Why do you suppose I'm always so friendly and lovable?

SCROOGE: I don't hold it against you, A. J. That's your nature.

A. J.: See? That's where you're wrong! (*Lowering his voice*) Let me level with you. Between us, I think people are a drag.

SCROOGE: (*Suddenly delighted and interested*) Really?

A. J.: (*In a whisper*) I'm as much of a miserly skinflint as you. But I know what makes money these days and you don't. You've got to get with it, Eb. Stop acting as if you were born yesterday.

SCROOGE: What's the ticket, A. J.?

A. J.: Salesmanship, that's what! Nobody's going to do business with anyone as honest as you! The big word today, man, is images. You're not projecting the kind of image that sells.

SCROOGE: But I despise being lovable!

A. J.: So do I, Eb. So do I. But if it means money in our pockets . . . ?

SCROOGE: I'm with *you*! I'm with *you*! Say on!

A. J.: Take that time those men solicited you for the community welfare funds and the relief agencies, and you gave them that line about poor houses and social security being enough.

SCROOGE: I meant it! Every week somebody comes collecting for some stupid . . .

A. J.: I agree. I begrudge every cent I give for charity.

SCROOGE: What? After all the work you've done, speeches you've made, and money you've given for these various charitable . . . ?

A. J.: Plain good business. It gets my name into the papers and in front of the customers. Word gets around, Eb. Like that bit about your telling your assistant, Bob Scratchit, to turn down the office thermostat to save money on heat. Stories like that project a bad image. Why do you suppose I'm so active in our local church?

SCROOGE: Just for the public image bit? You had even *me* fooled, A. J.!

A. J.: You're enough of a skinflint to play this game. This business age is practically tailor-made for you. Get with it, Eb! It's nothing to me, but I hate to see good talent wasted. Now, with Christmas coming up . . .

SCROOGE: (*Aroused again*) Christmas? Bah! Hamburg!

A. J.: Hold on, Eb. I agree that the *idea* of Christmas is a drag. But who bothers about that part any more? You don't seem to realize that we businessmen have made Christmas into an enterprise that really pays . . . in hard, cold cash.

SCROOGE: (*Eagerly*) Now you're talking! Tell me more!

A. J.: It's been a swinging achievement if you stop to think about it. We've got people to the point where they nearly bankrupt themselves buying more and more expensive gifts for everyone. It's become a delightfully vicious circle that spells money, money, money—for *us*! (*Scrooge rises, starts to run out.*) Eb, where are you going?

SCROOGE: Where else? Out to give Christmas the *hard sell*!



(SCENE: Scrooge's office several months later. His secretary is working her desk. Marley's ghost floats in and settles.)

HOST: So this is Eb's office. I've tracked him down at last. He's not here yet. Since nobody else can see me, I'll just wait till he comes. That must be Bob Scratchit coming in.

SEC'Y: Hi, Bob. Why are you jumping up and down? A new dance?

BOB: (Overjoyed) Isn't Eb Scrooge the greatest? Like lovable!

SEC'Y: Like yes! We just made him a deacon in our church. He's Mr. Personality-plus. Did you just find that out?

BOB: You know my kid? The little cripple who's always complaining?

SEC'Y: You mean Whiny Tim? Sure, I know. Why?

BOB: Well, Eb Scrooge is sending him to the best surgeons for an operation to make him walk again! Do you know what that means to me?

SEC'Y: Sure! He'll then have the same opportunities as other boys.

BOB: Er . . . well, that too. But it means I'll be able to quit carrying Whiny Tim on my shoulders all the time. That kid was getting heavy!

SEC'Y: And Scrooge is doing all that out of his own pocket?

BOB: Exactly. All he asks is that his part get full press coverage and afterwards Whiny Tim appear with him on the nationwide TV show *Man for a Day* and tell what Eb did for him.

HOST: Here comes Eb now. Wait till he sees me! He'll flip.

SCROOGE: (Entering with Ben) My friends, meet Mr. Ben Evolent, who's collecting contributions for the Aging Spinsters' Relief Fund. I've him a . . . er . . . modest donation.

BEN: Modest? That was the largest sum we've received!

SEC'Y: (Cooing) That's our boss!

SCROOGE: Oh, please. You'll embarrass me. Heh! Heh!

HOST: Well, here goes. (To Scrooge) Hello, Eb. Surprised to see me?

SCROOGE: Oh, delighted. Always delighted to see old friends!

HOST: He didn't even look at me!

BEN: The community will appreciate your generosity. We publish a list of top donors and the amounts they've given right on the front page of every newspaper.

SCROOGE: Yes, I know. Er . . . ahem! I mean I know it's for a good cause. Drop in again sometime, Ben. And merry Christmas!

BEN: Merry Christmas. (Exits.)

SCROOGE: Didn't I see Bob Scratchit here a moment ago?

SEC'Y: He's working in his office already. You know how we dig work-  
for you! (Returns to her desk.)

HOST: You're ignoring me, Eb.



SCROOGE: Oh, I'm sorry, my friend. I hadn't noticed . . . Why, you look as run-down as a TV commercial. Here, take this money and go buy yourself a nice warm . . . Wait a minute! It's Marley's ghost! Oh!

GHOST: Wait! Where are you going?

SCROOGE: Where else? To push the panic button.

GHOST: Hold on! It's never too late to negotiate.

SCROOGE: Sorry. I have no room for a brainwashing by three spirits.

GHOST: Don't worry. I'm afraid that's out for now.

SCROOGE: (*Brightening*) Why?

GHOST: We haven't had the luck with that method in this century that we had previously. Not a single genuine spirit of Christmas has ever been able to penetrate the 20th century. Believe me, they've tried!

SCROOGE: Then why not call it quits, Jake? As you can see, old pardner, I've beat you to the draw. I have more smile than a toothpaste ad. I'd give you a sample of my hearty backslap—if you had a back. As for Christmas . . . why, by a recent survey the kids in this community prefer me to Santa Claus ten to one!

GHOST: Save the sales pitch. We spirits see only the inside of a person—never the outside. I don't see skin; I see skinflint. Your core's as hard as ever. The rest is mere veneer, I fear.

SCROOGE: Who cares about the inside any more? This is the 20th century, Jake. I'm like a fish in water here. You might call me . . . well-adjusted. Look at it *that* way, Jake. (*Pause*) Jake? Jake, you're starting to fade away! Do something, Jake! Adjust your frequency!

GHOST: (*Continually fading*) It's no use. I can't get through to you.

SCROOGE: Jake! I can hardly see you!

GHOST: (*Weakly; almost gone*) Think about that chain your piling up. It's increasing like mass-production now. You can still change yourself, Eb. Don't let this chance fade, fade, fade from your life . . .

SCROOGE: (*Relieved*) Going, going . . . gone! Thanks to the 20th century, I'm rid of him at last. Now back to our Christmas selling campaign. (*With deep reverence*) Ah, those little green dollar bills; as Whiny Tim said, "God bless them, every one."

—WILLIAM STYLES

the  
END





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# touch & go

## YOU READ MY MIND

So often when I pick up the latest issue of *YOUTH* magazine, you have an article that talks about the same problems I'm having and the same questions I'm asking. Your articles help me when I need them most. My friends like *YOUTH*, too. I take my copies to school. —M. R.,

Allentown, Pa.

## COLLECTION OF PRAYERS?

I am often inspired by the beautiful personal prayers you publish on the back of your magazine, and have often wondered why these weren't collected and placed in a pamphlet or book. If there is an edition out, please send me the details. If there is not, I wish you would make one available for me and all the other teens who need to be lifted by prayer.

—M. W.

Hamilton, Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Are there other readers who agree with our Ohio friend?*

## FROM HAYLEY'S MOTHER

Thank you for the copies of the October 14 issue of *YOUTH* magazine with the article on Hayley Mills written by Kitte Turmell. I thought it was a very good article and well written. We liked Miss Kitte Turmell very much when we met her and we all got on very well

together. It is a nice change to read an article which is written in such good taste after the many hair-raising magazines which I have spent my time in America fighting.

—*Mary Mills,*  
London, England

## PRO

I want to write a letter that I have been wanting to write for many months and weeks but just seem to delay in doing it, so I want to take care of it before another day passes. And that is a letter to commend you for the very fine magazine which I feel you are editing. I read YOUTH regularly as it comes and encourage the young people of the church to read it. I think it is an extremely well-balanced magazine and has in it some wonderful articles. I look forward to every issue and feel that you are doing a very excellent job in preparing a magazine of real appeal.

—*P. E. R.*  
Genoa, Ohio

## CON

YOUTH magazine is not acceptable to a number of our people and they do not feel it is the sort of thing that they want their children to be reading. The magazine contains many off-beat poems and articles which seem to be directed at the non-churched, but in our case, they are available to our young people. There is an overabundance of criticism and sarcasm directed at the church and Christianity. Perhaps the editors are unable to see

any of the good points of the church, but I doubt this. I would rather think that they have been caught up in an over-enthusiasm for criticism and they ought to review their objectives.

—*R. P.*  
Spokane, Wash.

## GOD AND PUBLIC SCHOOL

I have just gotten to your August 19 issue, with its magnificent lead article by Dr. Lewis Maddocks, "Has God Been Expelled From School?" I congratulate you and Dr. Maddocks on an extremely lucid and illuminating article, one which will do much to dispel the fog of confusion concerning the Regents' Prayer decision of the Supreme Court and its implications. I trust that the article will have a wide influence, and that other denominational journals, for youth and adults, will reprint it.

—*Anti-Defamation League*  
New York City

## YOU WANT LETTERS?

Why don't you print more letters in YOUTH magazine? I like to hear what other young people are thinking and saying. —*A. N.,*

St. Louis, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *So would we! But most of our interesting and controversial letters come from adults and this is a teen magazine! Our letters from youth are mostly nice. And such a battery of bouquets issue after issue soon becomes boring to you readers (but not to editors!). When you send us bouquets, tell us in detail what you like. Or if you have an opinion on something, write YOUTH. And don't be afraid to throw your brickbats, too!*



## Editor's note

Never in my more than 12 years as editor has YOUTH magazine been as late as recent issues. You are due an explanation and an apology.

To make YOUTH as timely as possible, we work on a very short production schedule. Less than four weeks pass between the time we give our material to the printer and the Sunday date on which you receive your copy.

That's risky business, especially if anything happens to delay the editor, or his staff, or contributors, or the printer, or the mailmen, or your local church distributor. Fortunately, over the years we've had few delays.

But this time everything happened at once all along the line. And we got behind. But extra effort has been made and we think everything is now under control. By combining the two December issues of YOUTH magazine into this one 64-page issue you're reading now, we have gained valuable time. If nothing further complicates our efforts, we plan to deliver your first issue in January on schedule.

We appreciate your support in the past. And we hope we can justify your confidence in YOUTH magazine in the year ahead. Already we can announce such forthcoming features as the 4-page issue on "Man and His Religions," and special theme issues on vocation, humor, money, mission, India, Japan, modern art, and food.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE TO MAIL

### A GIFT SUGGESTION /

Do you have a high school friend who would enjoy getting YOUTH magazine in 1963? Your three-dollar gift subscription buys 26 copies of YOUTH (every other week for one year). Please enter a gift subscription for my friend:

FRIEND'S NAME /

ADDRESS /

HOME CHURCH /

CITY /

STATE /

CHECK ENCLOSED ☐

BILL ME LATER ☐

MY NAME IS: .....

ADDRESS: .....

CITY: .....

STATE: .....





...to  
fill  
the  
emptiness



LOOK at that hair! Are those your three children?" Yes, wherever my wife and I traveled on our trip, the dark-haired Asians were surprised at the light blonde heads of our Debbie, Paul and Timmy. And the same was true that night in Honjo. That was the night I tried to explain Christmas to a Buddhist student.

We were guests of Betty and Bob Reiff, ordained workers for the United Church of Christ in Japan (Kyodan) in the small northwestern coastal city of Honjo. With their daughter, Debbie, they are the only non-Japanese in Honjo, except for a German priest. Each Tuesday evening for an hour, Betty Reiff has university students in their home to practice speaking English. Many Japanese teachers of English do not pronounce English properly, especially in local high schools. And so many university students like to practice proper pronunciation by talking with persons whose native tongue is English.

By convenient coincidence, my wife, Lorene, and I arrived in Honjo on the Tuesday evening before Christmas. The front window of the Reiff home had a large transparent paper "stained-glass-window" picture of Mary, Joseph, and the baby Jesus. The picture had been sent from Philadelphia by Grandmother Reiff and was colored with the granddaughter's crayons. A gay Christmas tree was little Debbie Reiff's pride and joy. Debbie was in bed when the students arrived. Bob was rehearsing a church choir.

Four students—three girls and one young man—came that Tuesday evening. And we quickly broke the ice by flashing the photos of our three blonde children. We learned that three of the students were sophomores at the University of Akita (20 miles away) and the fourth was a junior. All wanted to teach. Three were English majors and one a psychology major. All were non-Christians.

Betty asked if any of them had prepared for the evening. One of the girls said she had written a composition for her English class at school.

"Please read it to us," Betty suggested.

In good English and in a soft, sober voice, she read a moving account of a childhood incident. The story told of how the girl and her mother walked one day to a hill overlooking the sea. The two were very lonely and sad, for the father was away at war. The mother told her child that if she called to her father, he might hear and return someday. The child called. And now today, the story concluded, "My mother is no longer here. My father is sick and weak. I will always remember that day."

When she finished reading, she did not look up. She was quiet.

Betty broke the silence. "That was a fine composition."

I asked to see the manuscript. She shyly handed it to me. It was well-written. In fact, her university instructor had noted on her paper: "Very excellent. This account is a flawless composition. I was moved by this experience in your childhood." I handed the paper back to her. She looked down. She said nothing. No one commented further.

Then I noticed that one of the students was holding a movie text for a recent U. S. film. I was told that Japanese students buy these texts which have both English and Japanese translations. The students read the script so that when they go to English-speaking films, they can understand the movie's story and also study the movie's English. And so followed a comparison of Japanese and U. S. films. Other topics were discussed, too, with genuine enthusiasm. All of us were asking and answering questions except the girl who had read the story.

"What do you think of our Japanese Christmas?" asked the young man.

"My wife and I were in Tokyo five days ago," I began. "In all the big stores along the Ginza we saw many Christmas decorations. Shining tinsel, big and little stars, gay-colored lights on trees, everywhere images of Santa Claus, and pushing, rushing mobs of busy shoppers buying gifts. On the sidewalk were members of the Salvation Army and their buckets awaiting contributions. Lampposts were decorated, too. This was Christmas in Tokyo. It is the same in the United States."

The four students squeezed together on the davenport were eager to hear.

"Americans spend much money at Christmas," I added. "They buy gifts; they would not buy or give at any other time of the year. In fact, some experts say that if we did not have the big volume of lavish spending at Christmas, many store owners would not make any profits by the end of the year."

"Ah, so," murmured the young man.

Then I recalled something I had read in the English-language newspaper, *The Yomiuri*. "In Tokyo I read an editorial on spending at Christmas. The editor scolded his readers for buying useless things they did not need and giving frivolous gifts. The editor asked, can anyone really feel happy squandering so much money when others are in desperate need? There are still many people who need help. Many sick, poor and unemployed, homeless and handicapped. They need help."

By their faces I knew the students understood.

"Whether one is Christian or not a Christian, whether one lives in Japan or in the United States, it is wrong to spend money foolishly and forget the poor. And for Christians, it is wrong for us to let our spending hide the real meaning of Christmas."

I turned to the boy. "And what do *you* think about Christmas in Japan?"

"At Christmas there is much drinking," he waved his head back and forth in a drunken imitation. "Older people drink and get sick. And there is much noise. It is all so foolish."

But I could see his mind was already moving on to another question.

"What do you think of Buddhism?" he asked.

My knowledge of Buddhism is limited and I was not quite certain out of what concern he was asking the question. And so I queried him. "Why do you ask this question?"

And he quickly answered. "They tell us that Japan is a very religious

country. They tell us that we are a religious people. We have many beautiful temples and shrines. The older people go to the temples and are religious. The young people do not go to the temples and do not see any purpose in religion. The only time we young people go to the temples is at birth and at death. Young people do not believe in God."

Impersonal as he tried to be, I sensed that these were expressions of his own personal feelings, and perhaps the feeling of his three companions, too. I had read about how Japan's ancient religions suffered loss of face immediately after the war and about today's movement toward revival. Before coming to Honjo, we had already heard of the hunger and search for life meaning among youth of Japan. We had already heard of their strictly intellectual curiosity about Christianity as one philosophy of life among many. We had already been struck by the swiftness and thoroughness of the modernization and industrialization of Japan. Its progress is astonishing. We had seen evidences of how materialism was gnawing away at life's motivations. How much like my own country, I thought. Is this what progress does to a nation, to its way of life, to its youth?

"Many students in our own country," I responded, "are asking the same question: 'Is there really a God?' It is not unusual to doubt about God. I had my doubts, too, in my youth. But when we doubt, we ought honestly to be looking for an answer. We must think, each for himself. We might have outside help. But finally, you must answer this question for yourself, just as I have to answer it for myself."

As I talked, I tried always to be aware of the response of my four listeners. Did they understand my words, my thoughts? Sometimes I repeated words. Often I rephrased thoughts in simpler terms. Was I answering their questions? Was I hearing their questions correctly? Were they interested? Was I saying anything that would hurt Bob and Betty's work after we left Honjo? Betty did not seem uneasy. The students seemed interested, even eager. And I was simply trying to respond to their questions. And my wife gave no coughing signals nor interrupting questions, which she normally does to caution me when she senses something wrong. And so, with her assuring smile and an obvious willingness to listen on the part of the students, I was encouraged to go on.

"Some people never really think about their religion. Either they forget about religion completely or they accept it blindly with no thought at all. This is bad. But it is good that you are thinking about your religion, about God, about the questions of life. After you do your thinking, then you might become a good Buddhist, or you might even become a Christian, or you might become neither one. It is important to be a good follower of your religion. Many of us fail to live up to our own religion. Sometimes we Christians are not true to Christ. And I suppose many Buddhists are not true to the teachings of Buddhism."

"We are not told the teachings of Buddha," the boy commented, almost to



himself. "These teachings are reserved only for the priests. I am not sure of the rules of my religion."

The girls did not respond. I could not tell if they agreed or not. But their silence seemed to support the young man.

"Over the years," I explained, "I have done much thinking, talked with many people, read many books. I have seen life as a soldier in war, as a student in college, as a journalist on the job, and now as a father. I am always being tested and I am always testing my thoughts, my beliefs, my faith. I believe that the master of all life is God and that we know God by knowing Jesus Christ."

Touching her hand to her heart, the girl who had written the composition spoke slowly, softly.

"Sometimes . . . I feel . . . a vacancy."

She said no more. How lonely she must be. How heavy must be the burden of life on her. How empty she must feel.

"We all feel this vacancy at some time in our life," I found myself responding. "Often we are helped by a friend. Or time heals the wound. But sometimes we reach a point where life itself seems empty. Then life seems to have no purpose, no direction. And it is here that my understanding of God helps me most."

I wanted so much to help. I tried to be simple, but not too much so.

"I feel at the center of all of life is love. When love is missing, we feel an emptiness. Love is at the heart of all relationships—whether it be between Japan and the United States, mother and father, parents and children, or in this very group right here and now."

Or was I the only one sensing the oneness of our group at that moment? I certainly felt no awkwardness as I shared with them my deepest feelings.

"I believe that God is the Creator and he created all there is because of his love for us. And I believe it is in Jesus Christ that we come to know God and to understand true love."

I got up and walked over to the Reiffs' "stained-glass window" of the Nativity. "In this scene we see the mother, the father, the baby. Here is a family. Here is love. Here is God. Here is Christ. And this is what we Christians celebrate at Christmas. The coming of Christ, God's becoming known to us, the assurance of God's love for us. This, then, is what fills life with something worth living for. Do not give up hope. Do keep thinking about this."

What else could I say? Besides, my wife coughed. She was tapping her wristwatch. It was time for the students to go. Their weekly practice session in conversational English was over. For us, it was "sayonara." On the next day we left Honjo.

That was a year ago. It's Christmas again. In our window at home is a big picture colored by hand with our children's crayons. It looks like a stained-glass window. Just like the one in Honjo.—HERMAN AHRENS, JR.





● in the ROUND

**the clarinet in jazz**

SOUND



EVER wonder what has happened to all of the great clarinetists who have enriched jazz since the early 1900's? Or why the instrument seems to have shrunk in stature as a major voice in today's combos?

Well, the release of three excellent albums last summer got me thinking about the situation and I decided to do a bit of research. Here is the result.

During the past ten years, the popularity of music with a heavy beat underlying a harsh, sometimes droning sound has pushed the thin, light, airy tone of the clarinet off stage. True, there are still a large number of musicians making a living exclusively as clarinetists, but they are tucked away in Dixieland or Chamber jazz groups heard mostly in small clubs—seldom on popular disc jockey shows. In fact, the last hit record featuring a clary solo was Chris Barber's *Petite Fleur* in 1958 with Monty Sunshine up front. A year later, **Atlantic** made a **Barber album (1292)** on which more of Monty's work can be heard.

Going back further in time, the earliest known jazz clarinetist was George Baquet whose work with Bessie Smith can be heard on **Columbia (CL855-858)**. Baquet was the forerunner of the New Orleans school which graduated a dozen or more artists on the "licorice stick" from **Alphonse Picou (Riverside New Orleans Legends)**, now 84 years old, to **Pete Fountain (Coral and Verve 1012)**, the bearded one who used to lead a combo within the Lawrence Welk band about two years ago.

Other New Orleans men who made jazz history on the instrument were **Leon Rappolo (Riverside 102)**, **Johnny Dodds (Riverside 104)**, **Jimmy Noone (Encyclopedia of Jazz, Vol. 1)**, **Albert Nicholas (Delmar 207 and Concert Disc CS 51)**, **Edmond Hall (Commodore 30012 and United Artists 4028)**, **Tony Parenti (Riverside 205)**, **Ray Burke (with Johnny Wiggs on Golden Crest and Good Time Jazz)**, **Irving Fazola (EmArcy—New Orleans Express)**, **Omar Simeon (Atlantic 1300)** and **Barney Bigard**.

Bigard became famous for his solos with the **Duke Ellington** band between 1928 and 1942 (**Victor LPM 1715**). He was heard later on many Decca and Columbia Louis Armstrong recordings during the late forties and early fifties. His appearance on a *Roulette* release this year is one of the reasons why I decided to do this piece on jazz clarinet.

The album, **Louis Armstrong & Duke Ellington Recording Together for The First Time (Roulette R-52074)** is a brilliant tribute to both giants of jazz, and a delightful commentary on the mellow, liquid quality of the New Orleans clarinet style as represented by Barney Bigard. There is so much to be thankful for in this set. In addition to Barney's charming improvisations, we hear Louis in a format other than the Dixie- and stereotype with which he has been identified so many years. The

tunes are mostly Ellington classics—Mood Indigo, Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me, Cotton Tail, Black & Tan Fantasy, The Mooche and In a Mellowtone, for example—and the performances, including rarely heard Ellington piano solos, are all that relaxed, swinging jazz should be.

There have been many other superb clarinetists who did not grow up in the New Orleans tradition. All, however, were influenced by the Delta pioneers. Benny Goodman, for example, grew up in Chicago where he heard Rappolo and Noone during his formative years, 1920-1926. By 1935, he was established as a leader and soon became internationally famous for his brilliant technique and warm tone. Some of his most successful sessions can be heard on **Columbia OSL 160 (Carnegie Hall Concert)**, **Camden 624**, **Harmony 7225**, **Victor LPM 2247 and 1226**, an album made at the Brussels World's Fair in 1959, **Benny In Brussels (Columbia CL-1247/8)**, plus his latest work, **Benny Goodman in Moscow (Victor LOC 6008)**, a two-disc set recorded "live" during Benny's tour of the Soviet Union last spring.

Another famous name among jazz clarinetists is that of Artie Shaw whose recording of Begin the Beguine in 1938 made him a national figure and a challenger for Benny's "King of Swing" crown. Shaw retired in 1955 but left a legacy of swinging sides which have been re-issued on LP by **Victor (LPM-1570, 1217, 1241)**, **Camden 959** and **Verve (2014 and 2015)**.

In a comparable age and experience bracket with Shaw and Goodman is Woody Herman whose fine big bands of the 40's (The Herman Herds) were loaded with such talented side-men as Terry Gibbs, Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Jimmie Giuffre, Al Cohn, Urbie Green and Red Mitchell. Woody's best recordings include **Decca 8133**, **Bijou (Harmony 7013)**, **Early Autumn (Verve 2030)** and **Herd Rides Again (Everest 5003)**. His latest release, **Swing Low, Sweet Clarinet on Philips 200-004** is the second of the three albums that cranked me up on the clary men. Never sensational as a technician, Woody makes up for it by blowing a smooth, bluesy, comfortable horn using Nat Pierce, Chuck Andrus and Gus Johnson to lay down the beat. Tunes such as Rose Room, Sweet Lorraine and Someday Sweetheart are given a delightful, gently swinging treatment.

Lest someone chide me for overlooking his favorite, and before we talk about a splendid Pee Wee Russell disc, let's have a quick run-down on some other star clarinetists. Included among my favorites are Bob Helm, who recorded with **Turk Murphy on Riverside**, **Garvin Bushell with Wilber de Paris** on recent **Atlantics**, **Gus Bivona with Glenn Gray (Capitol)**, **Joe Darensbourg (Lark 331)**, **Frank Teschmacher**

(Chicago Style Jazz—Columbia CL 632), Buster Bailey (Atlantic 1303), Peanuts Hucko (Grand Award 33-331), Hank D'Amico (Golden Crest), Darnell Howard (Good Time Jazz 12043/5), Jimmy Hamilton (Everest 5100), Matty Matlock (Warners 1374), Johnny Mince (Commodore 30015) and the youngest and most modern stylist of them all, **Buddy De Franco** who has many LPs on **Verve** and a most recent one on **Mercury 20685** with the accordionist, Tommy Gumina.

As for Pee Wee Russell, his work on **Jazz Reunion (Candid 8020)** is one of the most lyrical of his long career. Normally a hesitant, thin-toned, sometimes out-of-key performer, Pee Wee seems to be stimulated by the presence of Coleman Hawkins, Bob Brookmeyer and Emmett Berry who have him in a most subtle groove on tunes such as *If I Could Be With You*, *Mariooch* and *All Too Soon*.

## BOSSA NOVA — SI OR NO?

IT will be interesting to see whether the new Bossa Nova idea from Brazil will become popular in our country. At press time, only three albums featuring the delightful blending of jazz feeling with the rhythm of the Samba have come my way, but I know there are going to be many more in the mail shortly.

Latin percussion techniques with their conga drums, bongos, gourds and jaw bones have rarely been my dish, but in combination with improvised jazz, they reach me—and I think you'll like them too. Certainly, the Stan Getz-Charlie Byrd collaboration on **Jazz Samba (Verve 8432)** is a great listening experience for anyone who enjoys the beat, appreciates Stan's wonderful tenor style, and is a believer in what Charlie's educated guitar has to say. Mark this one down as being among the vanguard of good things from Brazil.

Roulette and Audio Fidelity, both with top-notch Bossa Nova albums, should also take a bow. **Bossa Nova by Puente (Roulette R25193)** brings us Tito Puente's big band in full gallop but with somewhat less drive than a small combo gets. Something of the vitality of fewer performers seems to get lost in the massiveness of Tito's sax and trumpet sections.

Listen to Lalo Schifrin's sextet on **Bossa Nova (Audio Fidelity Stereo 5981)** and you'll understand more what I mean about the combo approach. Schifrin, a native of Brazil, is a superior jazz pianist in or out of the Samba idiom. On this set with four rhythm plus the sensitive alto and flute improvisations of Leo Wright, he establishes himself as one of the leading exponents of the Bossa Nova.

—TED RIEDEBURG





# COOL RESOLUTIONS FOR 1963

## START OVER

Find all your old resolutions from other years, read them over carefully, then throw them away and start all over again.

## LOOK AT YOURSELF

Set aside one day a month for self-improvement. Take a good look in the mirror and a deep look within yourself. How can you improve your appearance, your personality? Then, for the rest of the day, actually do the things you've thought of. If they don't work, discard them. But try them.

## LITTLE THING

Be kind to your kid brother.

## ANOTHER LITTLE THING

Kinder than that!

## PRAISE PEOPLE

A few words of flattery can mean a lot to others. Try to say at least one nice thing to everybody you meet. It'll give them a lift—and you, too.

## WORST FIRST

Designate a worst-things-first day. If your geometry homework is waiting and the new copy of YOUTH magazine arrives in the mail, do the math first, etc. You'll be surprised how much quicker the chores get done—and how much better the pleasures seem later.

## GOOD INTENTION

Bring back all the records and books you've borrowed in the past year.

## UH - UH

Stop biting those fingernails.

## DRASTIC ACTION

Break off with your steady and tell him he's free to date other girls. If you're a boy, you'll tell her, of course, she's free to date other boys.)

## AND NOW

Stop crying.

## PHONE ACTIONS

Call a friend you love who moved to another town, just to let him (or her) know he (or she) hasn't been forgotten. Call a friend you hate who moved to another town, just to let him (or her) know he, too, hasn't been forgotten. And don't you dare call collect.

## OBEY OBEY

Do everything your mother and father tell you for one day. And don't let your parents lie on the floor too long after they fall down in a dead faint. ▶

## MARTYR IT UP

Next time you feel terribly upset because you know somebody hates you, be especially nice to them. Then they can hate themselves for being unkind to such a nice person.

## CREEP BEAT

Date a creep. He needs a bit of kindness. Also, fix up a date for your best friend with a creep. She deserves it after at last double date she got for you, anyway.



## **MINUS FIVE**

Make a list of your five greatest weaknesses, and the one most important thing which you can do to overcome each. Then resolve to accomplish at least one of these things each week in the year. Now, all you need is 4 weaknesses, and you've got your year all set.

## **PLUS FIVE**

Make a list of your five strongest points—the things which make you a superior person. Read them over carefully, and resolve to read them over at least once a week when you feel depressed.

## **BLOCK THAT LIBEL**

Every time you're on the verge of gossiping about friends, say something nice about them instead. It may be difficult, but you'll be surprised how many nice things you can think of to say when you really try.

## **EMOTE**

If you should bang up the car a little while driving, don't try to hide the fact that you did it. Simply come home and cry hysterically, as if it were a traumatic experience.

## **BE TROUBLED**

Don't try to hide your problems from your parents. Chances are they'll know something is wrong anyway, and you stand a much better chance of keeping them on your side if they feel you're confiding in them. Parents love to be confided in about problems, so if you don't have any . . . give them some kicks and invent a few.

## **RISK ALL**

For just one day, shout when you feel like shouting, cry when you feel like crying, laugh when you feel like laughing, snap when you feel like snapping. You may lose all your friends, but you'll *feel* so good that day.

## **SHOW THOSE TEETH**

Resolve to smile the next ten times you feel like scowling.



## APPLE POLISH

Be nice to your teacher. Bring her a Christmas gift, a birthday gift, and an Easter gift. Then, if your report card is still bad at the end of the term, send her the bill.

## MUFFLE IT

Stop giggling, girls. Stop teasing, boys. When you get together with the gang, and you all start feeling silly, try not to annoy people around you. You have two choices: stuff a handkerchief in our mouth, or pass out earplugs to your neighbors.

## GUESS WHO, ETC.

Don't make silly phone calls. People don't like it in the first place, and chances are they'll know it's you anyway. So talk your kid brother into making them for you.

## HAVE FAITH

Next time a girl tells you you're handsome, believe her. Next time your mother tells you you're smart, believe her. Next time your sister tells you you're a pain in the neck, remember you can't believe everyone.

## SAVE FACE

Get back into circulation by spreading the word that you broke off with your steady, even though she broke off with you. If she's a lady, she'll let it go at that. If she's not, it'll prove that you were right in breaking off in the first place.

## BORROW ON TIME

Don't ask to borrow the car unless you really need it. After all, sometimes your mother or dad may have something important to do. So the best system is to establish a definite time at which you will bring the car back to them. Like when there's less than a gallon of gas in the tank.

## TEST YOURSELF

Tear up all your new resolutions and re-write all the ones you can remember. Chances are these are the only ones that are important.

## NEVER . . . NEVER . . .

Never be frivolous about New Year's Resolutions.—ART UNGER





O God, our Father,

Thou hast called us to live in a time of great crisis.

We are aware of our inadequacies as we face the problems before us  
yet we are thankful for the privilege of living in a day when the challenge  
is so great.

In our confusion and lack of trust we often follow the way of those  
who would lead us deeper into tragedy.

Forgive us, O God,

for our wavering faith and our unwillingness to place our trust in Thee.

Make us to know the course Thou wouldst have us follow.

Give us the courage to do Thy will in every situation,  
and the faith to leave the outcome in Thy hands.

In Christ's name we pray. Amen.